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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in 1828, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting, readable, editorial, state, local and general news, well selected, uncolored and valuable. It is a household necessity in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 25, Order Sons of St. George—President, Daniel J. Connelley, Secretary, Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

COURT WANTED, No. 57, Foresters of America—President, Daniel J. Connelley, Secretary, Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Robertson, President, Daniel J. Connelley, Secretary, Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. B. Cussey, Secretary, Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE THIRTEEN, No. 2—President, Mrs. Connelley, Secretary, Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

ADRIAN, THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans—Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Connelley, Secretary, Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

PROBATION LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James H. Hampton, Chancellor, Robert H. Franklin, Recorder, Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 5, U. R. K. of P.—St. Knight Captain Sidney D. Murray, J. W. Schwartz, Recorder, Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

OLAF, No. 101—John Yule, Chief, Alexander O'Brien, Secretary, Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 20, Independent Order of Sons of Benjamin—Louis Luck, President, Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary, Meets 2nd and 4th Sundays.

Local Matters.

New Broadway Rails.

The track department of the Old Colony Street Railway Company began on Monday the work of taking up the old rails on the east side of Broadway from Lake's corner north and re-laying a new and heavy rail. A large gang of men was on hand to begin the work and rapid progress has been made, the street being open now as far as Pleasant street. At the lower end the new rails have already been placed in position and the dirt filled in around them. The street will probably not be rolled until the greater part of the work is completed.

The new rails give promise of much stability. They are of deep pattern, adapted to carrying the heavy cars that are used for suburban traffic, and the ties are in consequence sunk to a further distance in the earth. The new rails are of the grooved pattern that the city now requires to be used for all new work.

During the progress of the work the cars use the west track belonging to the Newport & Providence Railway for both north and south traffic from the Bliss road switch to the Equality Park switch. A signal man is kept at the lower crossover and by this means the cars have been operated with almost unnoticeable delay. Apparently it will not take much over three weeks to complete the whole job.

Preparations are being made to install the uniform system of municipal accounts which was ordered by the last meeting of the representative council. Mr. George M. Rex, of Pawtucket, an expert accountant, has been to the city this week, looking over the present system and considering what changes will be necessary.

Mr. Charles Fielding, wireless operator of the navy, is visiting relatives in this city, having been on duty for three months in the disturbed zone at Nicaragua with the United States Naval forces.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Phillips will spend the summer in Newport, occupying the Mills villa.

Mr. T. T. Pittman has been spending a week at Lakewood, N. J.

Police Station Plans.

The members of the council committee on new police station have held several meetings, and have come to the conclusion that the present location of the station is about as good as could be obtained. There is some opposition to retaining the station in its present place, and some claim that the city has no title to the land which was once owned by residents of other towns as a market place for disposing of their products. Jamestown people would like to see the square cleared and made into a park, and the Jamestown & Newport Ferry Company has suggested that if the city would remove the police station they would give the land to the westward where the express building now stands.

The committee on Tuesday looked over some of the police stations in Providence and found a number of valuable ideas which they will incorporate into their plans.

Island Cemetery Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Island Cemetery Corporation was held in the Court house Monday evening, there being several absentees. Mr. William Stevens was elected clerk pro tem in the absence of his father, Mr. Henry C. Stevens. Mr. Robert S. Franklin, president of the corporation, presided. The report of Superintendent Andrew K. McMahon was read, as was also the report of Treasurer Stevens. Ten funds for the perpetual care of lots were received during the past year, amounting to \$2,650.

The retiring trustees—Henry C. Stevens, Grant P. Taylor and A. K. Sherman—were re-elected. Chaplain Frank B. Rose, U. S. N., died at his home in Swarthmore, Pa., on Tuesday after a short illness from pneumonia. He was formerly attached to the Naval Training Station here and his family made many friends in Newport while they lived here. Chaplain Rose saw active duty during the Civil War, being the chaplain of a New Jersey Regiment. In 1870 he was appointed chaplain in the navy, and was retired some years ago. He is survived by a widow, one son and four daughters.

Mrs. Van Houten Reeve, who was to have sung at St. George's Church last Sunday, was unable to fulfill her engagement on account of illness, having been taken seriously ill at the home of her mother-in-law, Mrs. David B. Reeve, on Bay View avenue on Saturday. Mrs. Reeve is a pupil at the Conservatory of Music in Boston and her illness was due to overwork, which caused a nervous breakdown.

Work on the new naval hospital on the Mithland place has begun in earnest. The excavating was completed some time ago, and this week the work of building the concrete walls for the foundations was begun. A large concrete mixer was brought here especially for this job, and it is expected that rapid progress will be made. The concrete work will be one of the largest jobs ever done in this locality.

Last Sunday was a beautiful day for Easter, being much warmer than one would have expected on such an early date. In consequence there was a large attendance at all the church services. In the afternoon Channing Church was completely filled, when the members of St. John's and St. Paul's Lodges of this city, and Eureka Lodge of Portsmouth attended. Rev. Mr. Jones preached a special sermon.

The Salvation Army will open their Newport services in Southwick's Hall on Saturday evening. There will be an open air meeting on Washington square at 7:30, led by Staff Captain Hughes and 12 bandmen from Fall River. There will be meetings on Sunday, free to all, at 10:45, 3:00 and 8:00.

Mr. William M. Merila died at Burlington, Vt., last Saturday from a stroke of paralysis. He was for a number of years operator at the Ocean House, for the Western Union telegraph office, being there at the time the hotel was destroyed by fire.

It is hoped to have the garage and cottage on the James place finished by late spring, and all the men that can work there without falling over each other are busy every day. The main house will be ready for the season of 1911.

"Wakehour," the summer home of Mr. James J. Van Allen, is being put in readiness for the summer and Mr. Van Allen is expected to arrive from England in a few weeks.

Mrs. Victor Baxter has resigned as soprano soloist at the Channing Memorial Church.

Hon. William P. Clarke has been in New York and Boston the past week.

Miss Jeannette H. Swasey is on a three weeks' visit to Savannah, Ga.

"The Magistrate"

The Channing Parlors were completely filled on Tuesday evening, when members of the Unity Club read Piner's farce "The Magistrate." This was the last dramatic evening of the season as the annual meeting of the club will take place this month. President A. O'D. Taylor, Jr., called the meeting to order, and after a few words of greeting presented Mr. E. A. Buckhout, in charge of the evening's entertainment, who gave a brief sketch of the play and of the author. The first act was then put on, and from the beginning to the end the audience was convulsed with laughter. The complicated situations that were evolved were ludicrous in the extreme and the readers entered heartily into the spirit of the play.

Dr. A. F. Squire as Mr. Posket, the magistrate, was as usual excellent, bringing out all that there was in the part. Mr. A. O'D. Taylor, Jr., as Colonel Lukyn was also thoroughly in accord with the author's idea of the character that he represented. Mrs. Posket was to have been taken by Miss Theodora Taylor, but owing to illness she was unable to be present and at the last moment Miss Grace B. Brazier accepted the part and portrayed a difficult and demanding character most acceptably. Miss Isadore Lull, as Charlotte Verinder, Dr. C. B. Fardum as Ole Farrington, and Miss Marian Tuck as Bessie Tomlinson were all good. In fact there was not a poor bit of reading in the play; the other parts being taken by Mr. Hugh L. Taylor, Miss Marguerite Higgins, Mr. John Rogers, L. K. Carr, Dr. E. P. Robinson, Thomas C. Weaver.

Mrs. Frank Badly Burned.

Mrs. Alice B. Frank, wife of Mr. William L. Frank, of this city, was badly burned at her boarding place in New York Sunday morning. Her clothes took fire from a gas stove and before assistance reached her she was severely burned about her back and body. She was removed to the Presbyterian Hospital, and her relatives sent for. Her husband, and her father, Mr. William A. Crandall, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles S. Crandall, left Sunday evening to be with her.

Mrs. Frank was spending the winter in New York, as has been her custom for several years, being in the employ of Mr. Ogden Codman as a correspondent.

Mrs. Frank's condition is regarded as serious, but her relatives are hopeful that she may recover.

There will be a change made in the method of running trains between Boston and Newport. For the last few years it has been the custom on certain trains to attach the Newport cars to the rear of the Providence train as far as Mansfield, where another locomotive would be in waiting to take the Newport part through to this station. The same process was gone through on the trip north, the Newport engine being left at Mansfield and cars attached to the rear of the train from Providence. Hereafter the Newport trains will be hauled through from Boston to Newport by their own locomotives, thus doing away with considerable delay at Mansfield.

The remains of Mrs. Rebecca Pence Vernon, widow of Mr. William H. Vernon, who died at Brookline, Mass., on Saturday of last week, were brought here Tuesday afternoon and interred in the Vernon plot in the Island Cemetery. Rev. Gustavus A. Hubert, pastor of the United Congregational Church, officiating. Mrs. Vernon was a member of a well known Newport family and was well known in this city.

In the case of Hugh P. Morgan vs. the New England Navigation Company a verdict for the plaintiff for \$1,600 was handed down by the superior court on Monday. The plaintiff claimed that he was injured by an accident on Long wharf in this city August 9, 1908, as he was to board steamer New Shoreham, whereby his foot was badly crushed.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was brief, routine business being transacted. The bill for furnishing the Touro Synagogue was allowed to lie on the table until some of the interested parties are able to appear. It was decided to call a meeting of the representative council for April 8, to take action on the act regarding food inspection.

A friendly suit has been instituted by the executors of the will of the late Henry O. Havemeyer for the purpose of determining certain details of their duties and terminating a trust. It is said that there is more than a million dollars involved. The papers have been filed in Westchester County, N. Y.

Mr. John K. McLennan has been housed by illness the past week.

Wedding Bells.

Sharkey-Driscoll.

Miss Mary Dorothea Driscoll, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Driscoll, and Mr. Richard J. Sharkey were married at St. Mary's rectory Monday evening, Rev. William B. Meenan performing the ceremony. The bride was attended by Miss Cecelia W. Keeney and the groom had for his best man Mr. John J. Flood of New York. The bride wore a travelling dress of wisteria color with a hat to match. The bridesmaid's dress was of blue broadcloth with a large black picture hat.

Mr. and Mrs. Sharkey left for New York in the evening, via the Fall River line, and their friends were at the dock to give them the customary bridal "send off."

Census Enumerators.

The following appointments of census enumerators for Newport County have been announced from Washington:

Clifton B. Ward, Moulton W. Friend, Charles McK. Jackson, Frank E. McKimney, William H. Carry, Joseph E. Mitchell, Millard T. Sherman, Jr., William C. Nissen, Thomas E. Shea, Robert G. Babcock, Jr., Marshall C. Rogers, Daniel B. Sullivan, Harold B. Walcott, Robert B. Peckham, George H. Taylor, Horatio B. Wood, Mortimer L. Sullivan and George A. Hazard of Newport. Preston E. Peckham of Jamestown, Mrs. Jeannette M. Peckham of Little Compton, Melvin M. Littlefield of New Shoreham, Herbert R. Taylor of Brown University, Mrs. Susan W. Pettoy of Tiverton, George W. Potter of Tiverton.

The first weekly practice march of the apprentices from the Naval Training Station through the streets of Newport took place on Tuesday when the full battalion came over with two bands and a drum corps, under the command of Mate William McKay, and marched through some of the principal streets. This day was an ideal one for such an event and there was a large number of people on the streets to see the first parade of the season. The boys were as usual well drilled and marched in businesslike manner. They wore the white uniforms with blue sweaters and leggings. Quite a number of flags were displayed along the line of march. These weekly parades were inaugurated by Commander Fullum while he was in command, and will apparently be continued by Commander Houligan. It serves the double purpose of giving the boys a needed drill and allowing the people of the city to become acquainted with their appearance.

At the meeting of the Park Commission on Tuesday it was decided that there be a keeper at King Park to look after the bath houses and to see that they are reserved for the exclusive use of the children for whom they were given. It was also voted that the chairman secure an extra team for guard at and custodian of the public comfort station on the Mall. The contract for the general care of parks was awarded to Patrick Casey at the same price as last year. Arrangements were made for the usual overhauling and repairs to various property of the city in charge of the commission.

The New Haven road has made application to the interstate commerce commission for permission to increase its passenger rates slightly on certain of its lines. This is supposed to be due to the recent increase in wages granted to its employees in response to their demands. The increase in wages will probably not affect any of the local trains into Newport, no notice of a change in tariff between Newport and Boston or Newport and Providence having been received by the local agent.

Rev. Francis M. Wetherell, who has been curate at Emmanuel Church since last June, completed his duties at that parish last Sunday and to-day sails for Europe for several months. On his return he will go to Germantown, Pa., where he has been engaged as curate at Calvary Church. The departure of Mr. Wetherell was greatly regretted by a large number of people, as he had made a large number of friends during his brief stay in this city.

Mrs. W. Murley Mills who has been seriously ill at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilpin, on John street, was able to walk out the past week.

Mr. Joseph W. Sampson has been confined to his home on Friendship street with an attack of the grip.

"Clarendon Court," the summer home of Mr. Edward C. Knight, Jr., will be opened for the season next week.

An interesting little pamphlet on the Old Stone Mill has been published by Mr. Charles H. Clarke of this city.

Mr. Arthur B. Commerford arrived home from his visit abroad on Monday, having had a delightful trip.

Recent Deaths.

Robert C. Wetherell.

Mr. Robert C. Wetherell died at his home on Third street last Saturday morning after an illness of considerable duration. He was a painter by trade and for many years was associated with the late John O. Stoddard. Mr. Wetherell was a member of the Society of Friends and was a man of a very quiet nature. A widow and four children survive him.

Funeral services took place from his last residence on Third street Tuesday afternoon and were largely attended. Rev. John S. Kimber officiating. The bearers were four of his nephews: Messrs. John H. Alcott W., Robert M. and Daniel Wetherell, Jr. The interment was in the old cemetery.

Mrs. John P. Simmons.

Mrs. Hannah Simmons, widow of Mr. John P. Simmons, died at the home of her niece, Mrs. Robert G. Babcock, on Broadway, on Monday, in the eighty-fifth year of her age.

Mrs. Simmons was a native of Newport but after her marriage about 50 years ago she went to Bristol to live. Since the death of her husband, some years ago, she has spent much time in her native home with her relatives. She was known to all her relatives and friends as "Aunt Hannah" and was loved by both the old and young. She was a woman of exemplary character and a friendship who once made she always retained. She was most kind and thoughtful of others and appreciated very greatly any kindness shown her by her friends.

While she was fond of the place she lived in for so many years, she maintained a deep love for her native city. Mrs. Simmons was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sharpe and is the last of her family, being a sister of Mrs. Henry H. Young, Mrs. William Allen, Mrs. George B. Hazard, Mr. Joseph Sharpe, Mr. John Sharpe and Mr. Thomas Sharpe.

Professor Alexander Agassiz.

Professor Alexander Agassiz, one of the foremost scientists of the country, the principal owner of the Calumet & Hecla copper mine, and one of the best known summer residents of Newport, died suddenly on the steamer Adriatic last Sunday afternoon while returning to New York from Europe. He had been abroad on a scientific expedition, accompanied by his son, Mr. Maximilian Agassiz, and as far as his friends on this side knew, he had been in his customary health. Announcement of his death came in a wireless message sent by him to Major Henry L. Higginson of Boston.

Alexander Agassiz was born in Switzerland in 1835 and was the son of the famous Professor Louis Agassiz, coming to the United States in 1849. He was graduated from Harvard College and the Lawrence Scientific School, and later was engaged in teaching. He was connected with the California coast survey in 1859, and at the same time collected specimens for the natural history museum in Cambridge, of which he afterward had charge for a time.

He became interested in the study of the copper mines of the Lake Superior district, and was made superintendent of the Calumet & Hecla mine, finally being able after a most trying period of work to develop it to such an extent that it brought in almost fabulous wealth. During the next few years he was engaged in scientific expeditions to various parts of the world, and was a member of many educational boards.

In 1870 the coast survey steamer Blake was placed at his disposal and during the winters of the next five years he was engaged in deep sea dredging for the purpose of studying the fauna at the bottom of the ocean. He was the author of many scientific works, as well as of a number of books of less technical character.

Professor Agassiz for many years was fellow overseer of Harvard University and an active or corresponding member of many learned societies in this country and Europe, having been president of the National Academy of Sciences, member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and president in 1893, and of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He was a foreign member of the academies of science of London, Paris, Vienna, Munich, Rome, Stockholm and Copenhagen. In 1902 he was appointed by the Emperor of Germany a member of the Order of Merit and was also an officer of the Legion of France.

He is survived by three sons, George R. Agassiz, Rudolphe Louis, and Maximilian Agassiz.

Mr. John M. Taylor and Master R. P. Taylor have been in New York the past week.

Mr. Harry Alger has been spending his vacation at Lebanon, Conn.

Rev. Stanley C. Hughes has gone on an extended trip to the West.

MIDDLETOWN.

Mr. Nathaniel Perry Potter, a well known resident on the east side, died at his home near the Berkeley Memorial Chapel on Saturday, as a result of a third paralytic stroke. He had not been well all winter and early in February was taken with double pneumonia from which he had apparently recovered. His death was thought to be due to his weakened condition. Mr. Potter had recently completed his 67th birthday, having been born March 3, 1843, at the old Sherman house on Paradise avenue, which has long since been demolished. He was the youngest of a family of four (two brothers and one sister) of the late George W. and Esther Taggart Potter, and was the last member of his immediate family to go. Formerly a man in Newport he removed to Middletown at the age of 25, living with his mother at the old Taggart homestead where he died. During recent years he had devoted his time to farming in a small way and in extensive poultry raising. Mr. Potter was unmarried, his niece, Miss Hattie A. Potter, having kept house for him after the death of his mother. She was especially devoted to him as was also a nephew, Mr. James Thurston, of Jamaica Plain, Mass. A nephew, William Thurston, of Portsmouth, and a niece, Mrs. George Logan, of Newport, also survive him. Funeral services were held at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel on Monday afternoon, Rev. Latta Griswold officiating, assisted by Rev. John B. Diman, the latter an intimate friend of the family for a long period of years. The chapel choir sang at the conclusion of the service, "Asleep in Jesus."

The bearers were near neighbors: Messrs. Clifton G. and F. Wayland Smith, John Pembury, William Stewart, Charles H. Elson, and J. E. Kline. The burial was private, the interment being in the old family cemetery just south of the homestead.

The Methodist Episcopal Church at the "Four Corners" did not open on Sunday, the pastor, Rev. Clayton E. Delamater, and wife being in attendance at the annual conference in Albion, Me. It is hoped and expected that the Rev. Mr. Delamater may continue in his pastorate at Middletown. His first year here has been a successful and prosperous one and his call to return was a unanimous one.

The missionary offering from St. Columbus, the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, is considerably larger this year than formerly, \$117.85. Fifty dollars of this sum was contributed by the Guild.

The old James Wyatt house on Berkeley avenue, which has long been in a run down condition, has been purchased by Frank Nones of Paradise avenue and is being repaired and the adjoining land cleared of its heavy growth of old trees and underbrush. The place is being improved with a view of selling the estate.

Under the efficient leadership of Mr. Charles H. Ward, worthy lecturer of Aquidneck Grange and one of its most staunch supporters, many strong and helpful subjects are being discussed at the semi-monthly meetings of this order. Last week Mrs. B. W. H. Peghnam, who is the mother of eight children, presented an "interesting paper upon the subject, 'Which makes the greater sacrifice, Father or Mother?' This was followed by an animated discussion from both married and single members, some of the young bachelors contributing good ideas and showing that while not in the matrimonial field they were watching operations very keenly. The final vote was unanimous in favor of the Mother. Following the collection (an oyster supper), an hour was devoted to information concerning the work being done by the Patrons' Co-operative Association in New England, the grange having as its guest for the evening, the general agent for Rhode Island, Marshall T. Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds is an extremely busy man, being lecturer of North Scituate Grange, an assistant director of the Patrons Fire Insurance Co. of Rhode Island, a state correspondent of the National Grange Organ and a press representative. He is moreover a most enthusiastic and tremendous worker along all lines of grange advancement and his talk showed what might yet be accomplished for the farmers if they will co-operate here as they have so successfully done in nearly all the rest of the New England States. The first meeting of next month, April 14, will be devoted to a lecture upon "A proposed inland waterway for Rhode Island" by Edward Parham of Newport.

St. George's School closed on Wednesday for the spring vacation of two weeks.

As a benefit for the Women's Christian Temperance Union, Mr. C. LeRoy Grinnell of Newport, gave on Wednesday evening at the M. E. Church, a piano recital. He was assisted by Mr. Karl M. Stone, baritone soloist, and Mrs. Evelyn Housely, reader. Mr. Grinnell is a talented young musician and the excellent program seemed to be especially appreciated, many of the numbers receiving encores. A successful sale of home made candles was conducted during the intermission. Mr. Grinnell's mother, Mrs. R. J. Grinnell, is the president of the Middletown W. C. T. U.

Mr. Harvey J. Lockrow, who has been manager of the Western Union Telegraph Office in this city for eight years, has been relieved of that position and will report to the division superintendent for assignment to further duty. It is understood that this will be in the nature of a promotion for him. Mr. Lockrow became manager of the Postal telegraph office here 23 years ago, and in 1892 assumed a similar position with the Western Union. He has a host of friends in Newport who will regret his departure from the city.

Miss Bessie Tompkins and Miss Anna R. Almy are visiting at Atlantic City, N. J.

Cherub Devine

By SEWELL FORD

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CHAPTER IX.

ON Friday the countess received this communication from Mr. Devine: "Well, coming up tonight. Important."

As a result Hewington Acres hummed with anticipation. What could it mean? What had happened? What was going to happen?

Eppings was certain that Mr. Devine was bringing home some titled guest, possibly a duke or a lord, and he prepared dinner accordingly. The countess was puzzled. Even Mr. Hewington emerged from his study and wanted to know why every one seemed so disturbed.

"It's because of Mr. Devine, sir," said Eppings. "He's coming up on a special train, sir, and I must see about the table at once, sir."

Sorely the particular frame of mind which Mr. Devine had conjured up for himself was quite worthy of a better audience than he gave it, although he was neither serene nor filled with confident joy. But he was very much alive. He bubbled, sparkled, scintillated. His mental faculties, never dull, were at their keenest. His spirits seemed to be lashed by a veritable storm of animation, one moment soaring to giddy heights, the next sinking to dark depths.

Young Mr. Walloway, who was his sole companion, was somewhat disgusted with this illogical behavior. Much against his will he had been dragged from his office to accompany the Cherub just when there was much work to be done.

"Oh, the railroad he blomed, Nick! Lots of time to attend to that. Forget it!"

Yet now that they were well started toward Hewington Acres the Cherub evinced a desire to talk, although the precise topic at which he was aiming was not clear. It was unrelated to railroads, for the opening was of an intimate and personal nature.

"Nick, you rascal," he suddenly exclaimed, "why aren't you married?"

"Why aren't you, Cherub?" he retorted.

"Mr. Devine affected to be profoundly surprised at such a question. 'Now, come, Nick, what sort of a fine woman would have Cherub Devine?'"

"You're too modest, Cherub. You underrate yourself. I suppose you never tried?"

"Never had a chance, my boy. Why, see here, Nick, there's never been a time in all my life that I've had even a speaking acquaintance with a real good woman, such as you know by the dozen—that is, leaving out the last few days, of course. Now, with you it's been different. You've had a chance to pick and choose."

"Ah, have I?"

Cherub Devine caught the subdued note of pain in the quick rejoinder. "You don't mean, Nick, that you got a turn-down?"

Brusque as were the words, they carried a message of sympathetic feeling which rang true, and that was the quality which made so many friends for Cherub Devine. Young Mr. Walloway was certainly not the one to make offhand confidences, but he nodded his head in assent.

Unexpectedly finding himself an intruder on private grounds, Mr. Devine curbed his buoyancy and gazed with embarrassed emotion at the proprietor thereof.

"Oh, well," he observed, "maybe you're just as well off. Guess it was some time ago when you were young and really, eh?"

"I was a young ass. If that's what you mean," cynically responded Nicholas. "I was too sure of her and played the fool. You see, we were youngsters together, playmates. It was one of those affairs that everybody understood was settled from the time we were a dozen years old. I took it as a matter of course that I was the only person she could ever care for. In time she resented it, and before I knew it I had lost her."

"Went off with some one else, did she?"

Again young Mr. Walloway inclined his head. He got up, took a seat on the other side of the car and unfolded a newspaper.

It was less than an hour's ride at best, but before it was half over Cherub Devine was consulting watch and time table and had again shifted his seat to the forward chair, where he could watch for the name boards on the stations.

Perceiving this unusual agitation of a mind normally free from such disturbances, you might suspect that Mr. Devine was about to make some great venture. It was a fact. His plans, however, were somewhat vague. About the only definite part of his program was his decision to turn himself out of house and home immediately upon reaching Hewington Acres. This detail was already prepared. The Countess Vecchi should buy back the place at her own terms. She now had the means, and he was well assured of her desire to do so.

Small wonder, then, that Cherub Devine in a brief period of time forgot all about the revived wretchedness of young Mr. Walloway. A question suddenly occurring to the Cherub, he abruptly walked back to where young Mr. Walloway still sat, intently gazing at something he held shielded in his two hands. It was nothing more than the gold oval which he wore as a watch fob. Dozens of times the Cherub had seen it dangling from the breast pocket of Nick's coat without specially remarking it. Now he noted that it

was really a locket, for it was open. Glancing carelessly over Nick's shoulder, he saw it contained a picture, a miniature on ivory. And the picture on which young Mr. Walloway was gazing with such rapt pathos was a likeness of the Countess Vecchi. And in an instant it was made clear to him that the woman whom Nicholas Walloway had loved and lost and still continued to love was the Countess Vecchi.

Fortunately Mr. Devine had not spoken, and the roar of the car wheels had drowned his approach. Swiftly he withdrew. Then he sat down to ponder on the situation. Quite abruptly the Cherub now came upon the realization of his own purposes. He was a little staggered by the discovery of his audacity, but this was no new sensation. His audacious flights were always more or less of an impromptu nature. In a moment he was smiling confidently, as was his custom when once he had decided upon a line of action, however unpromising might be the future. The heavier the clouds ahead the lighter the smile. Nick was a good fellow and all that, but if he chose to mope, inactive in the background let him stay there. He (Cherub Devine) would show him how to play the game boldly—perhaps how to win.

And then came the thought. Would that be absolutely just to the Countess Vecchi? She and Nicholas had been spongy on each other for years, and she must have liked Nick. He was a likable fellow, clean, sturdy, substantial, one of her own class, and—oh, the Cherub winced at that—one whom she would call a gentleman. Yes, Nick would measure up to all her demands as to what a gentleman should be.

And had it been really she who had broken off the match, or was it due to the ambitious plans of her father? Then after she had come back, humbled in spirit, the Hewington fortune dissipated, had she perhaps held Nick at arm's length because of her pride? Was this the reason of his seeming inaction? Had he been all the time waiting in the hope that some day she would relent, and might she not do so, now that in some measure her fortune had been restored? Ought not she to have the chance? Was not the opportunity for a free choice due to her? Shouldn't Nick have another show too?

FloUNDERING through some such maze of reasoning, the Cherub at last came to this brilliant conclusion: with only a faint suspicion that he was about to make an astonishing chump of himself. He even experienced a glow of satisfaction as he lustily wiped out his new program. You would almost have thought by the cheerful manner in which he laid it before young Mr. Walloway that he thought he was attaining a long desired end.

"Well, Nick," he began, this time giving young Mr. Walloway due warning of his approach, "we're almost there. Now, the first thing on the docket is for you to fix up this business about the house with the countess."

"I?" exclaimed Nicholas.

"Why, sure! You know her better than I do. You go up and have a talk with her; tell her how you sold the stocks and what she can buy back the property for."

"But—but—why don't you?"

"Mr. Oh, I've got to skip back to town on this train. Just wanted to get you started straight. You can do it so much better than I can, being one of her own kind, and all that. Aren't afraid of the countess, are you?"

"Why, no. But see here, Cherub—"

"Now, that's all right, Nick. You can do this fine. But, say, you call me up on the phone at my hotel tonight and let me know how you come out, eh? Don't forget that, about 10 o'clock. Just give me a line on how she takes it and so on. You'll have some report or other to make, I'll bet. Needn't make too much of my share in the business. Just talk like I'd handed it over to you, as I have. You're equal to that job, aren't you?"

Now, just what sort of mental process went on in the brain of Nicholas Walloway it would be vain to try to trace. He was a complex product whose character had been molded not only by circumstances of birth and breeding, but by the strong stamp of heredity.

He was a young man chiefly distinguished by a reserved stiffness of manner, a quality which often lapses into a confidence that obvious genius falls to command. If, in hesitating to accept the advantage offered him by the impulsive Mr. Devine, he was troubled by problems of an ethical nature, he allowed them to be easily swept away. For many months he had wanted to see the Countess Vecchi. Earnestly he had wished for a chance to talk to her alone, and now this very opportunity was thrust upon him.

"Well, Cherub, if you think you had better leave this to me, why, I—"

"Good! And don't forget about calling me up tonight to let me know what luck you have."

No hint of this altered program, of course, had reached Hewington Acres, so it happened that when Timulus finally did bring up the lathered cobs with a fine flourish the whole household was assembled to witness the Cherub's much heralded return.

The Countess Vecchi had at the last moment abandoned her angelic pose and yielded to curiosity. Mr. Hewington was even more eager to learn what it was all about. Mr. Devine never knew just what he missed by backing out.

In his stead there stepped from the carriage Mr. Nicholas Walloway, outwardly cool and self possessed, but secretly very much at loss to know just how he should proceed. For a moment he regarded the expectant group with some astonishment. Then Mr. Hewington voiced the common thought in one question:

"Why, Nicholas, where is Mr. Devine?"

"Mr. Devine is on his way back to town."

"But he sent word"—began the countess, only to be stopped by Mr. Walloway's hasty explanation.

"He has asked me to transact some business with you, countess. Might I—"

"And he glanced significantly at the door."

The Countess Vecchi promptly led him into the library.

"Well, Nicholas," she asked.

Mr. Walloway had waited himself at the library table and was sorting some documents. It had been years since she had called him Nicholas. Well, this was an auspicious beginning. He smiled indulgently, straightened his shoulders and placed his finger tips together in a judicial manner. It was rather an effective pose, indicating the patiently receptive mood of a superior mind.

"My dear Adele!"

"Mr. Walloway!" The Countess Vecchi could be a most explosive young person, and her brown eyes could emit indignant very convincingly.

"But—how you called me Nicholas, he protested.

"I didn't call you my dear Nicholas did I? I want to know why Mr. Devine sent you instead of coming himself."

Mr. Walloway proceeded to state, not at all in the way he had meant to put it, his errand. He told the countess the amount for which the stocks had been sold and of her opportunity to buy back Hewington Acres. The Countess Vecchi heard him with widening eyes.

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"And I really have all that?"

"The check is drawn for the full amount, I believe, less the brokerage commission. Here it is." A little awed, she accepted the slip of pink paper and stared at it incredulously.

"You are sure there's no mistake?"

Mr. Walloway was quite sure. He explained that the shares had brought \$1,000 each and that there were a hundred of them.

"I don't in the least understand," said the countess, referring once more to the check, "but I hope that whoever paid that much for them could afford—why, here is Mr. Devine's name!"

"Yes, he bought the shares, and he could well afford to pay that price."

"Could he? Oh, and those horrid men you were talking about! Did he smash them?"

Mr. Walloway indulged in a faint smile.

"He did smash them."

"But did he smash them hard—as hard as I told him to?"

"He made a very thorough job of it—quite thorough."

"Oh, good!" The Countess Vecchi's hands were shut tight; her lips were held very erect; her eyes were alight with exultation.

CHAPTER X.

NICHOLAS equipped a little in his chair.

Mr. Devine is in many ways a—of a remarkable man."

"If he were only something besides a stock gambler. If he would only apply his talents to something different."

"I hadn't thought of his talents as being misdirected," he said slowly.

"But he has evidently been listening to some one who thinks as you do, for he tells me that he has given up speculating in stocks."

"He—he has given up? Why? When?"

"At noon today, when he obtained control of the P. & N. railroad, and became its president."

"A railroad president! Why, that is quite—quite respectable, isn't it?"

"Almost," gravely assented Mr. Walloway.

"Isn't he splendid?" exclaimed the countess, clasping her hands. "And don't you think, Nicholas, now that he has—well, reformed—that he will be asked about among nice people?"

"My dear countess," began Nicholas, once more assuming the judicial pose, "you must not forget that he is still Cherub Devine. As a successful manipulator of stock he is entitled to respect; as a railroad president he will be a financial power to be reckoned with; as to his social fitness, that is a matter to which I have not given the attention which you appear—"

"Am I being lectured, Nicholas Walloway?" asked the countess demurely.

"I trust we have known each other long enough, Adele, for me to offer a friendly suggestion. But if you resent such—"

"Oh, no! Go on, Nicholas. What else about Mr. Devine?"

Young Mr. Walloway flushed under the subtle mockery of her eyes.

"Nothing more, countess," and he bowed stiffly. "Only I did not know that you considered Mr. Devine a—"

The countess laughed lightly. "Oh, I've told him he wasn't."

"You—you said that to the Cherub?"

The countess nodded.

"And he—what did he—"

"He said he had never claimed to be a gentleman."

"Ah!" Young Mr. Walloway seemed to have gained a new viewpoint. His exclamation was one of relief. Now he could understand the attitude of the countess toward Cherub Devine. It was merely an impersonal interest which she had taken in a somewhat picturesque public character whom she had chanced to see at close range.

"I beg pardon for my suggestion," he went on. "I see you know the Cherub better than I thought. Interesting chap, isn't he? He has his good points, too—oh, really, has a code of honor all his own that he sticks to as faithfully as if it were—well, the accepted code. And he is generally itself to those whom he fancies."

"Is he, indeed?"

There was an encouraging note in her tone.

displayed none the less. And his offer to hand over Hewington Acres at your own terms—that is another example. Of course he doesn't want the place on his hands, but he could readily dispose of it at a profit. Evidently he wishes you to retain possession, however."

"So it would appear," mused the countess. "I wonder why?"

Nicholas pursed his lips quizzically. "I suppose it has not occurred to you that he might be—well, interested in you?"

The countess eyed him with cool unconcern.

"I'm afraid you are making rather an impudent guess, Mr. Walloway."

"But it's no guess. Devine told me himself—that is, he as good as confessed as much."

Her calm pose was ruffled. Color flashed into her cheeks betrayingly.

"Do you mean to imply that he talked to you—of me?" she demanded.

"Well, I will admit that I drew him out. I could see it plain enough, you know, and when I asked him he didn't attempt to deny, although he did have the grace to protest his own unworthiness. Good of him, wasn't it? Oh, yes, he has improved the opportunities you gave him. He has had the audacity to fall in love with you, countess. My congratulations on your conquest!"

He held his head at a knowing angle. "Then why did he send you here to-day instead of coming himself?"

"Unaccountable. Perhaps he flunked at the last moment. He may have—"

"Then he practically makes me a gift of this?"

thought you would not accept his favors if offered directly, so he asked me to come. Mel. Isn't that rich?"

"In just what way?" And quietly did she ask it that Nicholas should have had warning.

"Why, he doesn't know how long I have waited for just such a chance. But you know, Adele, and now—"

He had risen and was approaching the countess with outstretched arms. All that was needed to complete the happy reunion was for her to throw herself into them. However, that was not precisely what happened.

"Nicholas," said the countess reprovingly, "sit down."

"But if you will only just listen to—"

"Please sit down, Nicholas," Nicholas sat.

"You used to tell me, Adele, that you loved—"

"Did I? It's no wonder, for you were forever mooning around asking me if I did."

"I can imagine no reason why you should refuse to hear me say that I love you and—"

"Well, there is a reason. If there wasn't I should invent one."

"I regret very deeply," he began, with great humility, "that anything I have just said—"

"Now, that's better," said the Countess Vecchi, relenting cheerfully. "When you start regretting very deeply you don't in the least mean it, but you're on the right track. Now forgive me for bringing you up so sharply and let us finish our business. Ought I to accept all this money for those shares?"

"Wouldn't it seem rather strange for you to demand less than is offered?"

"You're right. Well, I accept, then. And I do want to buy back my home here. But I feel I ought to deal directly with Mr. Devine himself to that matter. You will see that he comes, will you?"

Mr. Walloway, assuming an air of stately gloom, stalked away from Hewington Acres. By the time dinner was over he had quite recovered his usual poise and felt equal to the task of calling up Mr. Devine.

"Well?" queried the Cherub eagerly. "How did you come on with the countess?"

"Excellent!" said Mr. Walloway, thinking only of the business he had been asked to transact. "It's all settled. She accepts."

"What's that, Nick? Accepts who?"

"Why, the check. She will buy back the property too."

"Oh! Is that all?" An unmistakable sigh of satisfaction came over the wires.

"She wants to see you about it, though. Says she must deal direct. Wants to know if you can come to-morrow."

"Why, sure I can. But say, Nick, are you certain there's nothing else—no congratulations coming from me?"

"Why—er—you might congratulate the countess on making a good bargain if you wish."

"This was indefinite, but convincing. 'Poor old Nick!' said the Cherub as he hung up the receiver. 'He's had his tryout, though. Tomorrow it'll be up to me.'"

Cherub Devine, having resolutely slashed away all the entangling mesh of business cares, went smilingly out to Hewington Acres and into the presence of the Countess Vecchi.

"Well, countess, we smashed 'em, didn't we? And you had a hand in it after all, Nick told you, eh?"

Evidently she had been standing there in the window recess in the library waiting for him. Whether by accident or design, it proved to be a very effective pose, for the slender gracefulness of her dark robed figure came out in strong relief against the dull green window hangings, and the mellow afternoon light showed the blit of color in the long oval of her cheek.

"Yes, Nicholas has told me, Mr. Devine—told me all about everything. In fact, he made quite a full confession."

Decidedly this was not a cordial opening. Her tone was cool, almost cynical. Something was wrong.

"I hope Nick didn't overdo the thing. Did he?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Mr. Devine. That all depends upon how much you intended him to say."

"Well, he told you about how handy those shares came in?"

"Yes."

"And the price he got for them and how I wanted you to buy back the house?"

"All of those things Nicholas explained fully."

"And it's all right, isn't it? Any hitch over details?"

The countess walked to a table and picked up a long document envelope. "I merely wish to understand clearly your proposals," she was saying. "You sent Mr. Walloway here to offer me this check and an opportunity to buy back Hewington Acres for the price you paid. Is that correct?"

"That's O. K., countess."

"Also you confided to Mr. Walloway that you were—that you entertained certain sentiments of regard for me. You called it love, I believe."

"Oh?" ejaculated the astonished Cherub. "Say, Nick didn't give me away like that, did he? Honest, he wasn't chump enough to let on that I said—"

"To be made the topic of such an intimate disclosure and by a person whom I have known for such a short time under such peculiar conditions, you can fancy perhaps that I'd rather not dwell on it."

"Great Scott, yes!" groaned the Cherub, beginning to wipe his forehead. "But give me a show here, countess; I'm trying to think how I came to do the slave act. Oh, I must have done it, all right, but how?"

"I'm afraid I can't share your interest in that problem. Let us not go into it any deeper, if you please. You told Mr. Walloway, and then—"

"Ah, I remember. He wished me luck. Wasn't that nice of him when?"

"When what?" spurred on the countess.

"Why, when—when he was in the same boat."

"So Mr. Walloway exchanged confidences, did he? Delightful!"

"No, no! Nick didn't say a word. I found it out by accident. Saw your picture in his pocket, you know, and I'd heard about how he and you used to—"

"Really! I'm glad that there was some reserve in that discussion. Was it held on a street corner or in a hotel lobby, or—"

"Train!" groaned the Cherub.

"Ah!" said the countess. "The other passengers must have been entertained. Did any of them offer advice?"

The Cherub sank into a chair.

"That's right," he observed. "Keep it up. I deserve it."

"Itemorse," commented the countess. "Is always touching, but it arrives so late in the day. I am curious on only one point. Having made your confession to Mr. Walloway and having learned of his—well, his attitude toward me—what prompted you to send him here?"

"Why, I thought Nick ought to have his chance."

"You—you thought"—The Countess Vecchi appeared to grasp his meaning, but slowly. Her brown eyes no longer resembled any kind of fireworks. They regarded him with wide wonder.

"You see," continued the Cherub earnestly, "he's so much nearer your kind of a chap—in your class and all that—and I didn't know how you two stood, you know. Why, I didn't look just right for me to butt in before—well, before you and Nick had a show to make it up if you wanted to. That's all. It was only right."

The silence which had followed his explanation lasted for several moments, and when the Countess Vecchi again spoke the clear cut sharpness of her tone was somewhat softened.

"I understand. I believe I have been told by some one that you had a code of honor that was all your own. Well, have you heard what use Mr. Walloway made of his opportunity?"

"I had him call me up last night. I couldn't ask him right out, you know, but—"

"More delicacy!" murmured the countess.

Established by Franklin in 1758.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 181
House Telephone 1910

Saturday, April 2, 1910.

Alaska's seals, estimated at 5,000,000 in 1887, are now reported to number less than 100,000. Conservation ought to be applied in this item by unanimous consent.

Edison is expected at the National Electrical Convention in St. Louis in May. It would be a good time for the wizard to run in with his promised \$40 storage battery automobile.

As meat advanced 4 cents a pound during the two months of the boycott against it, perhaps prices will be stationary or may recede a little now that the boycott has been called off.

The fact is apparent that the generosity of Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller increases as their resources become abundant, but at this rate neither of them will ever become any poorer.

Charles W. Morse writes from the Federal prison in Atlanta that he was made a scapegoat and there are many who agree with him. Unfortunately he is not the first victim of such a procedure nor is he likely to be the last.

The soft coal strike has begun, but it will probably not present anything like the hardships to the general public that were experienced during the anthracite strike at the beginning of winter a few years ago. Those were perilous times.

The American Telephone & Telegraph Company is the second largest corporation in the United States, being exceeded only by the United States Steel Corporation. More than three-fourths of the company's stock and a large proportion of the bonds are held in New England.

If we had May weather in March does it follow that we shall have March weather in May? That is only too apt to be the case, but at any rate we can hope that the promise of an early spring may be fulfilled and that summer may follow soon. In the meantime a little rain would be acceptable.

Isn't it strange that a quiet self-contained man like Colonel Roosevelt should have stirred up so much feeling in Egypt? On Tuesday a crowd of "Young Egyptians" gathered outside his hotel in Cairo and made a riotous demonstration in remembrance of his remarks of the previous day. It must have reminded the ex-President of his strenuous days in Washington.

The atrocious murder of Ruth Wheeler, the little fifteen year old stenographer, who was applying for her first position in New York, reveals depths of crime that are almost unimaginable to the average man. A great city like New York offers opportunities for crimes of this nature that the police are practically powerless to prevent. It is to be hoped that prompt justice will be done to the murderer.

The Spanish War was over some years ago, but the Supreme Court of the United States is about to hear arguments in a case that grew out of the special war taxes assessed to carry on that brief struggle. The point at issue in the case is whether or not the special inheritance tax for war purposes was legally assessed upon the estate of a man that died in the six months preceding July, 1902. There are a number of estates interested in the decision, and if the government wins it will mean something more than a million dollars for the United States Treasury.

Wages at Home and Abroad.

Rates of wages in the United States navy yards are fixed by boards, which are required to base the wages on the rates paid in the vicinity of the yard for similar work. Thus for the present year in the Washington Navy Yard, for molders of the first class \$3.60 are paid for eight hours' work; \$3.86 is paid to ordnance men; \$3.52 to painters; \$3.36 to riggers; \$3.00 to wire men, and \$3.36 to cooperage. A comparison of these wages with those paid in foreign countries would leave no doubt in the mind of any fair man as to the beneficial effect of the Protective Tariff.

Consul General Dillingham, reporting from Coburg, Germany, gives the wages in the five leading porcelain factories as varying from \$1.70 to \$3 a week for men, and \$2.13 to \$4.39 for women. In other words, workmen are paid in this country almost as much for one day as some workmen in Germany get for a week's work. Consul Norton, of Chemnitz, reports that in five leading textile associations the average annual pay was from \$142 to \$211. That is only about one-quarter the amount paid first-class mechanics in this country. Consul Winsa reports from Seville, Spain, that the wages run from 30 to 40 cents a day for lace makers. The same story comes from other European countries, all of which conclusively demonstrate the value of our Protective system to American wage earners, as well as practically to everybody else, and also explain the cause of the enormous emigration from Europe to the United States.

General Assembly.

It is very generally regarded as doubtful if the Legislature will be able to adjourn before the sixty day expires, which will be on April 16th. There are still many matters of importance to be considered.

The past week has been a busy one in both houses, and many important measures have been reported by committees and passed. There have been long debates in both Senate and House, and the activity clearly indicates that the session is drawing toward a close.

The Senate on Wednesday passed in concurrence the annual appropriation bill without a dissenting vote, and without discussion, the work of the Finance committee being commended by the Democratic leader. The amendment to the constitution of the State was also passed in concurrence, this providing for biennial elections. The resolution requesting Congress to put the necessity of life on the free list provoked considerable discussion and was sent back to the committee.

The House on Wednesday after long discussion passed an amendment to the militia laws providing that the independent companies may be ordered to annual duty at the rifle range. There have been several measures introduced in both bodies having to do with the milk supply and these are attracting considerable attention. There has also been introduced a bill providing for district attorneys to prosecute criminal matters.

Town Elections.

There will be town meetings in both Jamestown and Middletown on Wednesday next for the purpose of electing town officers. In Jamestown there is but one ticket in the field and there is likely to be little excitement. In all probability the financial affairs will be continued to an adjourned meeting on the following Saturday afternoon.

In Middletown conditions are different. In that town there are two complete tickets in the field, and interest runs high. For several years the Citizens Association has had control of the town and expressed complete confidence in their ability to retain their supremacy this year, while on the other hand the straight Republicans claim that they have made sufficient progress to their ranks to assure them a victory this year.

The situation in Middletown is so complicated this year by the fact that the town at the last election voted to adopt the secret ballot system and this will be used this year for the first time. The ballot is a big one. There are three columns, one for the Republican nominees, one for the Citizens and one for the Independent voters to write in the names of his candidates. The Republican column is headed by the party emblem and the circle. There are thirty-eight nominees in each of the first two columns. The ballot is necessarily a big affair. It was printed at the Mercury Office.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., April 2, 1910.
Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent March 31 to April 4, warm wave March 30 to April 3, cool wave April 2 to 6. The most interesting weather feature of this disturbance was expected to be that the temperatures of the week centering on the passage of the warm wave would average below normal.

For the states and Canada April is expected to average about normal with high temperatures near 8, 22 and 29, and low temperatures near 4, 17 and 25.

Rainfall of April is expected to be below normal in the districts marked on my weather map as the Lakes, that part of the Northwest that lies in the states, in Washington and Southwest. Rainfall will be excessive in Northeast, Southeast and in all of Canada east of Rockies. West of Rockies rainfall will be about normal except in the valleys near San Francisco and Sacramento where a shortage of rainfall will occur. Along the Gulf coast rainfall will be about normal.

My weather maps are a necessity and will be useful to all subscribers of this paper on receipt of stamp. Address Foster's Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C.

Second disturbance of April will reach Pacific coast about 5, cross Pacific slope by close of 6, great central valleys 7 to 9, eastern sections 10. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about 5, great central valleys 7, eastern states 9. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about 9, great central valleys 10, eastern states 12.

This will be, by far, the most important disturbance of April. It will be preceded by a great high temperature wave, particularly in southwest, then a series of severe storms and these by a great fall in temperatures. Indications are that these storms will attain to their greatest intensity not far from meridian 83 which they will reach April 8 to 9. But the most severe storms will occur on the Atlantic steamship route to Europe southeast of Newfoundland not far from April 9 and on meridian 111 which runs through Alaska and near the Hawaiian Islands. I advise not to go aboard any ships that will be near these points on April 9. According to recent theories the physical forces that cause our storms also cause earthquakes and if this be true we may expect earthquakes near April 9 in the vicinity of the Panama canal and near Ceylon, Sumatra and Java.

THE COMET.

The great disturbances that will occur on many parts of the earth near April 9 and May 8 will be at the door of the comet. This will be an error and unfair. Our sun, moon and major planets have immensely greater effects than the comet can possibly develop. On May 8 the planetary positions will cause great magnetic stress on the earth but as the comet will then be at the point where some expect it to affect the earth a general outcry will probably be raised against the comet. I wish, in advance, to counteract that passionate trade against our valiant ambassador from outer space which the great powers have, without consulting the comet, thrown headlong into our midst.

Washington Matters.

Political Situation Very Interesting at the Capital—Great Excitement Over the Re-buke of Cannon—Mr. Garfield's Speech Right to the Point.—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
Washington, D. C., April 2, 1910.

The political situation as viewed from the standpoint of the national capital, is much more interesting to both parties than legislation and executive matters just now. The election of Mr. Roosevelt as a Democrat to Congress in Massachusetts this week by a plurality of 5810 in a district which elected a Republican in 1908 by a plurality of 14000, is regarded here and throughout the country as a most significant indication as to popular feeling. Of course, political figures are hard at work and will show plausibly special causes for this remarkable political change. But crediting the Republicans with all that they may claim as causes for this surprising result, it indicates that the trend of popular opinion has gone so far that nothing but a miracle or Roosevelt can save the House next fall to the party in power. Let it be said with whatever emphasis can be brought to bear, that the party in power is not responsible for high prices or for unsatisfactory business conditions. Inasmuch as the party in power, Democratic or Republican, always claims credit for whatever good thing happens, it must face the responsibility for some of the bad, even if it should be bad crops.

So great has been the excitement over the rebuke of Cannon in the lower house of Congress that the Bullinger-Pinchot investigation has been to a great degree forgotten. Mr. Pinchot, since he has testified, has started to Europe and is now well on his way thither. It is reported that he is going in answer to a cablegram from ex-President Roosevelt. That one so near the ex-President as ex-Forester Pinchot should be the first to get the air of Mr. Roosevelt, is subject of considerable anxiety to the other side, or at least to certain individuals of the other side. So far, Mr. Roosevelt has been as silent as the Sphinx which yesterday night he saw by moonlight. Another significant fact is that during Mr. Garfield's residence in the city two weeks ago he was the guest of Mr. Pinchot, and he only yesterday made an address to the Tippecanoe Club in Cleveland, a very temperate address, but one in which it was plain to see that his sympathies were with the Insurrection and that his advocacy was for as more enthusiastic support of the Roosevelt policies than it is possible for President Taft to accomplish, handicapped as he is by those in the House and the Senate with whom he has elected to consort. Is a curious situation and unprecedented in our political history that a self-exiled ex-President is at this moment more potential in the political affairs of the country than the genial gentlemen in the White House. What he may say or do when or before he lands here in June is a matter of keen solicitude to regulars, insurgents, Democrats and everyone interested in current politics.

Mr. Garfield, in his speech in Cleveland, made a severe arraignment of those Republican leaders guilty of a policy which he thinks is certain to lead the party to defeat. He insisted that the average American realized that present conditions pointed to something radically wrong. He urged progressive action and pointed out that when a party fails to be progressive, its usefulness has begun to wane. "It is our duty," said Mr. Garfield, "to squarely face the situation and to stand up and be counted for the policies that are in sympathy with the best progressive thought of our country, and the people are justly calling upon us for a fulfillment of that policy. They will not be satisfied with inaction and makeshift legislation." These words coming from "Jimmie," as Mr. Roosevelt was wont to call this member of his regular cabinet and of his tennis court or kitchen cabinet also, after close examination as a guest of Clifford Pinchot, those whom none was closer to Mr. Roosevelt, naturally raise the question as to who are the representatives of the Roosevelt policies. It is useless to deny that Mr. Taft is or was Mr. Roosevelt's chosen successor and political heir. Nothing like such a selection has ever before occurred in American history, and the facts and the event, are so recent that everybody knows and realizes them. The situation cannot but be embarrassing to the ex-President. Politicians, statesmen and historians as he is, he cannot out appreciate the difficulties with which the President has had to contend, and is contending. No President has ever been more sincerely anxious to carry out the policies bequeathed to him by party platform than President Taft, and it is not mere fiction to place the onus of failure, if failure it must be, on his wicked advisers.

Mrs. H. S. Van Lugen, who has been visiting relatives in this city, has returned to Yonkers, N. Y.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS.

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for them, selves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses, furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

182 Bellevue Avenue Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1837. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamaica, for Summer Villas and Country places.

Deaths.

In this city, 26th ult., Robert C. Weinberg, in his 78th year.
In this city, 28th ult., at his home on Red Cross avenue, John J. Heagy.
In this city, 28th ult., at the residence of Robert G. Babcock, 311 Broadway, Hannah, widow of John B. Simmons, in her 53d year.
In this city, 28th ult., James D. Infant son of James H. and Julia Rogers.
In this city, 28th ult., at his residence, 28 Locust avenue, Dennis Nolan.
In this city, 28th ult., at his residence, 73 Warner street, John J. Donovan, father of Rev. Edward J. Donovan of Brooklyn, N. Y.
In Middletown, 31st ult., Nathaniel J. Potter, aged 67 years.
In Bristol, 21st ult., Ray Arnold, in his 70th year.
In Wickford, 28th ult., Amie E., widow of George N. Stearns, in her 61th year.
On Saturday, March 26th, 1910, at her residence No. 779 Washington street, Brookline, Rebecca Farnham Vernon, wife of William Vernon, aged 74 years.
In Philadelphia, 17th ult., in the 77th year of her age.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

An Ordinance appropriating the revenues of the City of Newport for 1910.

It is ordained by the Representative Council of the City of Newport, that the following be the revenues of the City of Newport for the year 1910, to be collected and paid into the City Treasury, and to be expended for the purposes hereinafter specified, and to be subject to the limitations specified in detail, as follows:

1. For State Tax	\$20,000 00
2. For Streets and Highways	12,121 01
a. Office and City	
b. Cleaning streets	22,220 00
c. Removal of snow and ice	5,500 00
d. Watering and applying dust-jaying substances	13,500 00
e. Cleaning and repairing sewers, gutters and gutters	1,200 00
f. Patching and general repairs to streets and sidewalks	10,000 00
g. Hauling, repairing and cleaning culverts	4,000 00
h. Hauling and re-maintenance of streets	12,000 00
i. Resetting curbs, laying out, driveways, cross-ways, etc.	5,000 00
j. Cleaning, repairing, painting, etc., of public buildings	400 00
k. Water tank, near Bailey's Beach	300 00
l. One horse and one pair harness	750 00
m. Emergency and miscellaneous incidentals	2,000 00
UNFINISHED WORK.	
Prarie avenue, in-tersecting (Cen-tral to Champlin St.)	700 00
COLLECTION AND DISPOSAL OF CITY GARBAGE.	
Collection and disposal (Contract)	\$5,121 00
Two men at dump	1,252 00
Supplies, etc.	61 00
SUPPLIES.	
New parts for Steam Road Rollers, Nos. 1 and 2	1,181 60
New Motor Steam Road Roller	3,000 00
REPAIRS.	
Van Zandt Avenue Bridge Repairs	400 00
Van Zandt Avenue Bridge Repairs	400 00
Extension of Olney, Moth and Elm Streets	200 00
NEW WORK.	
Low Sea Wall, Ocean Avenue, at a point near Oliver Point Club House	2,000 00
Two's Court Sewer	1,353 00
Annexed Road, from Meriden to Dresser Street, curb and sidewalk	1,000 00
Kilburn Court Sewer	500 00
Wellington Avenue, extending to Carey Street, build larger sewer from a point about fifty feet from Spring Street, across Thames Street, through Poller Street to Michael Street sewer	1,450 00
Malbone Road and Gunning Avenue	6,000 00
Gibbs Avenue, from Champlin Street to Water Works road, macadamize	500 00
Middleton Avenue, from Weaver Avenue to Meriden road, macadamize	1,000 00
Oliver Court, grade and macadamize	300 00
East Battery Street from Middleton Avenue to Annandale road, macadamize	1,100 00
Griffin Street, grade, curb and macadamize	3,000 00
Extension street, from Thames St., west, curb south side, grade north side and grade and macadamize road bed	1,300 00
Pollock Avenue, sewer, about 800 ft., from Broadway, curb and sidewalk	800 00
Fero Street, curb and sidewalk, macadamize	600 00
Hoffman Place, macadamize and sidewalk	100 00
Chase street, macadamize and sidewalk	600 00
Geddes street, macadamize and sidewalk	1,100 00
Necessary repairs to Hudson Avenue	3,000 00
8. For Public Schools	\$113,735 00
In addition to all sums received from State appropriations, various funds, donations and poll taxes.	
For jets and brick work of Calvert T. S. and Thomas	1,000 00
4. For Police Department	\$15,661 25
(Specified in detail.)	
Salaries	\$12,000 00
Repairs to building, telephone, tele-graph, police signals, boxes, fuel, light, laundry, etc.	3,661 25
Repairs to station, including electric or asbestos roof to buildings at headquarters	1,500 00
Lighting stations	1,500 00
Ceiling and wood	200 00
Maintenance of Fire Alarm	200 00
Horse hire for steamers	
Horse hire, extra	1,500 00
For emergencies	150 00
Horse and buggy	800 00
Hay and grain	3,000 00
Repairs to vehicles	250 00
Veterinary services	200 00
Gravel supplies	250 00
Laundry supplies	1,000 00
Printing and stationery	100 00
Cost of hose	150 00
Rubber coats	100 00
Freight and express charges	50 00
Incandescent feet 2 1/2 inch fire hose	20 00
One horse	300 00
Wires and cables	300 00
New alarm box to be placed at or near the corner of Harrison and Carroll avenues	125 00
New fire alarm box to be placed at or near the corner of Champlin street and Gibbs Avenue	125 00
6. For Lighting Streets	\$57,251 65
Various contracts,	

Installing electric lighting, front of No. 1, A. G. and six incandescent lights on Harrison Avenue, Bridge road, Castle Hill Avenue and Ocean Avenue to Westaburgh lights	\$2,125 00
7. For Salaries	
(Specified by Ordinances and Resolutions.)	
8. For City Assessor (for State purposes.)	6,000 00
9. For Engineer and Valuer	3,000 00
(For disbursements, etc.)	
1. For Public Buildings (Specified in detail.)	3,168 61
a. Cleaning City Hall	911 61
b. Keopers of Plaza	450 00
c. Lighting City Hall	400 00
d. Ice and wood	75 00
e. Coal and wood	800 00
f. Incidentals	600 00
g. Typewriter, City Clerk's office	100 00
h. Typewriter, Tax Collector's office	100 00
11. For Public Parks (Specified in detail.)	6,600 00
Contract, care of parks, burial grounds and lawn houses	3,000 00
Band Concerts	1,000 00
Incidentals	2,600 00
12. For Books Stationery and Printing (City Location, City Stationery, Municipal Printing and Advertising, books, stationery, stamps, etc.)	4,700 00
13. For Water supply (For contract with Newport Water Works)	10,000 00
14. For Health Department (Specified in detail.)	14,583 00
a. Collection of wills (contract)	6,223 00
b. Disposal of wills (contract)	5,000 00
c. Boarding and physician to the Board (Bacteriologist and physician and physician's school)	1,200 00
d. Medical inspection of schools	1,200 00
e. Auditor	1,200 00
f. Stationery and Printing	210 00
g. Collection of dead animals	45 00
h. Funerals	300 00
i. Laboratory supplies (including culture tubes)	300 00
j. Telephone	45 00
k. Repairs (repairs to sewer and drain, however, rigging and other work)	400 00
l. Carriage	100 00
m. Carriage hire	75 00
n. Miscellaneous (Incidentals, typewriter supplies, office supplies, etc., removal of rubbish, removal of snow, depressors, postage, advertising, etc., telegrams and sundries)	250 00
15. For Newport Hospital (For contract with the Newport Hospital)	4,000 00
16. For Newport Hospital (For contract with the Newport Hospital for the term of one year)	1,000 00
17. For burial grounds (Specified in detail.)	750 00
a. Superintendent	600 00
b. Incidentals and repairs	150 00
18. For ward meetings	3,500 00
19. For sick funds	17,300 00
20. For coupons	45,110 00
21. For incidentals	5,000 00
22. For interest on notes	9,323 00
23. For payment of notes	21,000 00
24. For land and other damages	5,000 00
25. For indexing and preservation of records	600 00
26. For Fourth of July (Celebration of 15th anniversary of American Independence)	1,000 00
27. For municipal accounts	1,500 00

Sec. 2. The appropriations heretofore made by Ordinances passed January 3, 1910, are included in the above appropriations, and so much of the appropriations as have already been paid out by virtue of said Ordinances to be deducted from the appropriations made by Section 1 hereof.

Sec. 3. All bills, contracts or orders which have been approved by the City Council or by the Board of Aldermen, shall be immediately upon the passage of this Ordinance notify the City Treasurer to which specific appropriation said bills should be charged and enter such charge on their books accordingly.

Sec. 4. No City Officer nor Committee shall incur any liability against the City, or make or cause any expenditure or payment out of the funds of the City, or in excess of any appropriation heretofore ordered, unless such liability, expenditure or payment shall be authorized by the laws of the State, or be specially authorized by vote of the Representative Council, in conformity with the provisions of the Ordinance relating to annual appropriations.

Sec. 5. No sum appropriated for a specific purpose shall be expended for any other purpose, unless otherwise specially authorized by vote of the Representative Council. No expenditure shall be made nor liability incurred by or in behalf of the City until an appropriation has been duly voted by the Representative Council sufficient to meet such expenditure or liability, together with unpaid liabilities which are payable out of such appropriation.

Sec. 6. This Ordinance shall take effect upon its passage.

(Passed March 8, 1910.)

A true copy: W. S. FULLERTON, City Clerk.

3-26-37
Visitor—Ten thousand students at chapel to hear the Rev. Dr. Don't let him find what a tribute to the power of the man.

Willie Rahrah—You bet! That old piebald ape is on the faculty, and just one word from him would disqualify every member of the variety baseball squad.—Pack.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Headaches, Disordered eating, Pain in the Stomach, etc. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

ACHES.

Is the base of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two will make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill Small Price. Small Pain.

Carr's List.

Three Rivers: The Hudson; The Potomac; The James.
By Gen. J. P. Farley, U. S. A.
The Danger Trail.
An Interrupted Friendship.
By Voymitch.
A Son of the Immortal.
By Louis Tracy.
The Fascinating Mrs. Hallen.
By E. E. Benson.
Hopalong Cassidy.
White Magic.
By David Graham Phillips.
An Admiral's Log.
By Robley D. Evans.
Thureton of Orchard Valley.
By Harold Bindloss.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

State Board of Public Roads.

Notice to Automobilists.

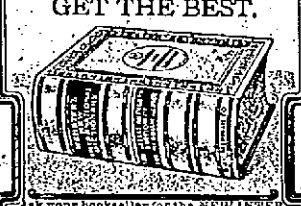
The State Board of Public Roads will be at the Court House, Newport, R. I., every Thursday, beginning May 27th, 1909, for the purpose of registering Automobiles, and issuing Operators' Licenses from 10.00 a. m. to 4.00 p. m.

5-21

New from Cover to Cover WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY JUST ISSUED.

Editor in Chief, Dr. W. T. Harris, former United States Commissioner of Education. The Webster Tradition developed by Modern Scientific Lexicography. A Key to Literature of Seven Centuries. General Information Practically Doubled. A Divided Page: Important Words Above, Less Important Below. Contains More Information of Interest to More People Than Any Other Dictionary.

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Cheapest and Best With Anti-Rust Water Acid and Alkali Proof Waterproof and Time-defying Requires no coating for many years Coated both sides, won't rot underneath Can be used on steep or flat roofs Can be applied over old roofs Elastic and Flexible Fire-resisting.

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Never-Leak Roofing.

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7 Oak Street.

Private Wires. Tel. 1820

B. O. GROSS,

COMMISSION STOCK BROKER

Mercury Building,

Newport, R. I.

Correspondent of EDWARD ALTEMUS, member of the Consolidated Stock Exchange of Philadelphia. Stocks and bonds bought and sold for 5-24 or carried on margin.

SHOES

FOR EVERY NEED, AT THE

T. Mumford Seabury COMPANY,

214 Thames Street.

Tales For a Winter Evening

His Native Heath

From the "Old Home House"

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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NEVER could quite understand why the folks at Wellmouth made me selection. Anyway, I was elected unanimously at town meeting, and Peter was mighty anxious for me to take the job.

"Barzilla," says Peter, "I judge that a selection is a sort of dwarf alderman. Now, I've had friends who've been aldermen, and they say it's a sure thing, like shaking with your own dice. If you're straight there's the honor and the advertisement; if you're crooked there's the graft. Either way the house wins. Go in, and glory be with you."

So I finally agreed to serve, and the very first meeting I went to the question of Asaph Blueworthy and the poorhouse comes up. Zoeth Tiddit (he was town clerk) he puts it this way:

"Gentlemen," he says, "we have here the usual application from Asaph Blueworthy for aid from the town. I don't know there's much use for me to read it—it's tolerable familiar. 'Suffering from lumbago and rheumatism'—um, yes. 'Out of work'—um, just so. 'Respectfully begs that the board will'—et cetera and so forth. Well, gentlemen, what's your pleasure?"

Darius Gott, he speaks first, and dry and drawling as ever. "Out of work, hey?" says Darius. "Mr. Chairman, I should like to ask if anybody here remembers the time when Asaph was in work?"

Nobody did, and Cap'n Benajah Poundberry (he was chairman at that time) he fetches the table a well with his starboard fist and comes out euphatic.

"Feller members," says he, "I don't know how the rest of you feel, but it's my opinion that this board has done too much for that lazy loafer already."

"He ain't sick, except sick of work. Now, it's my idea that, long as he's bound to be a pauper, he might as well be treated as a pauper. Let's send him to the poorhouse."

"But," says I, "he owns his place down there by the shore, don't he?"

All hands laughed—that is, all but Cap'n Benajah. "Own nothing!" says the cap'n. "The whole rat trap, from the keel to main truck, ain't worth more'n \$500, and I loaned his sister Thankful \$400 on it years ago, and the mortgage fell due last September. Not a cent of principal, interest not near half I got since. Whether he goes to the poorhouse or not, he goes out of that house of mine tomorrow. A man can smile me on one cheek and maybe I'll turn feller, but when, after I have turned it, he finds fault, 'cause my face hurts his hand, then I rise up and quit. You hear me?"

Nobody could hear hearing him unless they was deeper than the feller that fell out of the balloon and couldn't hear himself strike, so all hands agreed that sending Asaph Blueworthy to the poorhouse would be a good thing. 'Twould be a lesson to Asaph and would give the poorhouse one more excuse for being on earth. Wellmouth's a fairly prosperous town, and the paupers had died, one after the other, and no new ones had come, until all there was left in the poorhouse was old Betsy Mullen, who was down with creeping palsy, and Deborah Badger, who'd been keeper ever since her husband died.

The poorhouse property was valuable, too, specially for a summer cottage, being out on the end of Robin's point, away from the town, and having a fine view right across the bay. Zoeth Tiddit was a committee of one with power from the town to sell the place, but he hadn't found a customer yet. And, if he did sell it, what to do with Debby was more or less of a question. She'd kept poorhouse for years and had no other home nor no relations to go to.

Well, we voted to send Asaph to the poorhouse, and then I was appointed a delegate to see him and tell him he'd got to go. I wasn't enthusiastic over the job, but everybody said I was exactly the feller for the place.

"To tell you the truth," drawls Darius, "you, being a stranger, are the only one that Asaph couldn't talk over."

So, as there wasn't no way out of it, I drove down to Asaph's that afternoon. He lived off on a side road by the shore, in a little rundown shanty that was as no account as he was. When I moored my horse to the "beaver-wood" tree by what was left of the fence, I would have let my sou'wester that I caught a glimpse of Brother Blueworthy peering round the corner of the house. But when I turned that corner there was nobody in sight.

I knocked on the door, but nobody answered. After knocking three or four times I tried kicking, and the second kick raised from somewhere inside a groan that was as lonesome a sound as ever I heard. No human noise in my experience came within a mile of it for dead, downright misery—unless, maybe, it's Cap'n Jonadab trying to slog in meeting Sundays.

"Who's that?" walls Asaph from the other side of the door. "Did anybody knock?"

"Knock," says I. "I all but kicked your everlasting derelict out of water. It's me, Wingate—one of the selectmen. Tumble up, there! I want to talk to you."

Blueworthy didn't exactly tumble, so's to speak, but the door opened, and he comes shuffling and groaning into sight. His face was twisted up, and he had one hand spread fingered on the small of his back.

"Dear, dear!" says he. "I'm dread-

ful sorry to have kept you waiting. Mr. Wingate, I've been wrasting with this terrible lumbago, and I'm afraid it's affecting my hearing. I'll tell you—

"Yes? Well, you needn't mind," I says. "Cording to common tell, you was born with that same kind of lumbago, and it's been getting no better fast ever since. Jest drag your sufferings out on to this bench and come to anchor. I've got considerable to say, and I'm in a hurry."

Well, he grunted and groaned and shuffled along. When he'd got planted on the bench he didn't let up any—kept on with the misery.

"Look here," says I, losing patience, "when you get through with the Job business I'll leave ahead and talk. Don't let me interrupt the lamentations on no account. Finished? All right. Now you listen to me."

And then I told him just how matters stood. You never see a man more surprised or worse cut up. Him to the poorhouse—him, one of the oldest families on the Cape? Well, the dignity didn't work, so he commenced on the lumbago, and that didn't work neither. But do you think he gave up the ship? Not much! He commenced to explain why he hadn't been able to earn a living and the reasons why he'd ought to have another chance.

I actually pitied him. It seemed a shame that a feller who could argue like that should have to go to the poorhouse. He'd ought to run a summer hotel. Thinks I, "I'm an idiot, but I'll make him one more offer."

So I says: "See here, Mr. Blueworthy, I could use another man in the stable at the Old Home House. If you want the job you can have it, only you'll have to work, and work hard."

Well, sir, would you believe it? His face fell like a cookbook cake. "I'll consider your offer," he says.

That was too many for me. "Well, I'll be yanked!" says I and went off and left him considering. I don't know what his considerations amounted to. All I know is that next day they took him to the poorhouse.

And from now on this yarn has got to be more or less hoarse.

Seems that while I was down notifying Blueworthy Cap'n Poundberry had gone over to the poorhouse to tell the Widow Badger about her new boarder. The widow was glad to hear the news.

"He'll be somebody to talk to, at any rate," says she. "Poor old Betsy Mullen ain't exactly what you'd call company for a sociable body. But I'll mind what you say, Cap'n Benajah. I'll make that lazy man work or know the reason why."

So when Asaph arrived, per truck wagon at 3 o'clock the next afternoon Mrs. Badger was ready for him. The minute he landed she sent him out by the barn with orders to chop a couple of cords of oak slabs that was piled there. He groaned and commenced to develop lumbago symptoms, but she cured 'em in a hurry by remarking that her doctor's book said vigorous exercise was the best physic for that kind of disease and so he must chop hard. She waited till she heard the ax "chunk" once or twice, and then she went into the house, figuring that she'd gained the first lap anyhow.

But in an hour or so it come over her all of a sudden that 'twas awful quiet out by the wood pile. She hurried to the back door, and there was Asaph, setting on the ground in the shade, his eyes shut and his back against the chopping block and one poor, lonesome slab in front of him with a couple of splinters knocked off it. That was his afternoon's work.

Maybe you think the widow wasn't mad. She tiptoed out to the wood pile, grabbed her new boarder by the coat collar and shook him till his head played "Johnny Comes Marching Home" against the chopping block.

"You lazy thing, you!" says she, with her eyes snapping. "Wake up and tell me what you mean by sleeping when I told you to work!"

"Sleep?" stutters Asaph, kind of reaching out with his mind for a life preserver. "I—I wasn't asleep."

"You wasn't, hey?" says Deborah. "Then 'twas the best imitation ever I see. What was you doing, if 'tain't too personal a question?"

"I—I guess I must have fainted. I'm subject to such spells. You see, ma'am, I ain't been well for—"

"Yes, I know. I understand all about that. Now, you march your boots into that house, where I can keep an eye on you, and help me get supper!"

Blueworthy, he marched, but 'twasn't as joyful a parade as an Old Fellers' picnic. He could see he'd made a misuse—a clean miss, and the white ball in the pocket. He knew, too, that a lot depended on his making a good impression the first thing, and instead of that he'd gone and "foozled his approach," as that etty feller said last summer when he ran the catboat plump into the end of the pier. Deborah, she went out into the kitchen, but she ordered Asaph to stay in the dining room and set the table—told him to get the dishes out of the closet.

All the time he was doing it he kept thinking about the mistake he'd made and wondering if there wasn't some way to square up and get solid with the widow. If he could only find out something that Deborah Badger was particular interested in, then he believed he could make a ten strike.

And all at once down in the corner of the closet he see a big pile of papers and magazines. The one on top was the Banner of Light, and underneath that was the Mysterious Magazine.

Then he remembered all of a sudden the town talk about Debby's believing in mediums and speaks and fortune tellers and such. And he commenced to set up and take notice.

At the supper table he was as mum as a runaway clock—just set in his chair and looked at Mrs. Badger. She got nervous and fidgety after a spell and finally busts out with, "What are you staring at me like that for?"

He didn't answer for a minute, but he looked over her head and then away across the room, as if he was watching something that moved.

"Your husband was a short, kind of fleshy man, as I remember, wasn't he?" says he absent-minded-like.

"Course he was. But what in the world—"

"'Twasn't him, then. I thought not." "Him? My husband? What do you mean?"

And then Asaph began to put on the fine touches. He leaned across the table and says he in a sort of mysterious whisper, "Mrs. Badger," says he, "do you ever see things?"

"Mercy me!" says the widow. "No! Do you?"

"Sometimes seems 's if I did. Jest now as I bet here looking at you it seemed as if I saw a man come up and put his hand on your shoulder."

Well, you can imagine Debby. She jumped out of her chair and whifled around like a kitten in a fit. "Good land!" she hollers. "Where? What? Who was it?"

"I don't know who 'twas. His face was covered up, but it kind of come to me—a communication, as you might say—that some day that man was going to marry you."

"Land of love! Marry me? You're crazy! I'm scared to death!"

Asaph shook his head, more mysterious than ever. "I don't know," says he. "Maybe I am crazy. But I see that same man this afternoon when I was in that trance, and—"

"Trance! Do you mean to tell me you was in a trance out there by the wood pile? Are you a medium?"

Well, Asaph wouldn't admit that he was a medium exactly, but he give her to understand that there wasn't many mediums in this country that could do business 'longside of him when he was really working. Course he made believe he didn't want to talk about such things, and, likewise of course, that made Debby all the more anxious to talk about 'em. She found out that her new boarder was subject to trances and had second sight and could draw horoscopes, and I don't know what all. Particular she wanted to know more about that "man" that was going to marry her, but Asaph would not say much about him.

"All I can say is," says Asaph, "that he didn't appear to me like a common man. He was sort of familiar looking, and yet there was something distinguished about him, something uncommon, as you might say. But this much comes to me strong: He's a man any woman would be proud to get, and some time he's coming to offer you a good home. You won't have to keep poorhouse all your days."

So the widow went up to her room with what you might call a case of

giddy, goo-gooey kind of girls, and she was as struck with the shenanigans as her dad. She said the house itself was a "perfect dear."

And after supper they paired off and got to talking, the colonel with Mrs. Badger and Asaph with Mabel. Now, I can just imagine how Asaph talked to that poor, unsuspecting young female. He surely did love an audience, and here was one that didn't know him or his history or nothing. He played the sad and mysterious. You could see that he was a blighted dud, all right. He was a man with a hidden sorrier, and the way he'd sigh and change the subject when it came to embarrassing questions was enough to bring tears to a graven image, let alone a round-the-girl just out of boarding school.

Then after a spell of this Mabel wanted to be shown the house, so as to see the "sweet, old fashioned rooms." And she wanted papa to see 'em too. So Asaph led the way, like the talking man in the dime museum. And the way them Lamonts agonized over every rag mat and carved bedstead was something past belief. When they was saying good night—they had to stay all night because their own clothes wasn't dry, and those they had on were more picturesque than stylish—Mabel turns to her father and says she:

"Papa, dear," she says, "I believe that at last we've found the very thing we've been looking for."

And the colonel said yes, he guessed they had.

Next morning they was up early and out enjoying the view. It is about the best view along shore, and they had a fit over it. When breakfast was done the Lamonts takes Asaph one side, and the colonel says:

"Mr. Blueworthy," he says, "my daughter and I am very much pleased with the Cape and the Cape people. Some time ago we made up our minds that if we could find the right spot we would build a summer home here. Preferably we wish to purchase a typical, old time colonial homestead and remodel it, retaining, of course, all the original old fashioned flavor. Cost is not so much the consideration as location and the house itself. We are—ahem—well, frankly, your place here suits us exactly."

"We adore it," says Mabel, emphatic.

"Mr. Blueworthy," goes on the colonel, "will you sell us your home?—I am prepared to pay a liberal price."

Poor Asaph was kind of thrown on his beam ends, so's to speak. He hemmed and hawed and finally had to blurt out that he didn't own the place. The Lamonts was astonished. The colonel wanted to know if it belonged to Mrs. Badger.

"Why, no," says Asaph. "The fact is—that is to say—you see—"

And just then the widow opened the kitchen window and called to 'em:

"Colonel Lamont," says she, "there's a sailboat beating up the harbor, and I think the folks on it are looking for you."

The colonel excused himself and run off down the hill toward the back side of the point, and Asaph was left alone with the girl. He see, 'spos, that here was his chance to make the best yarn out of what was bound to come out anyhow in a few minutes. So he fetched a sigh that sounded as if 'twas racking loose the foundations and commenced.

And then he told Mabel that her dad and her had been deceived; that that house wasn't his nor Mrs. Badger's; 'twas the Wellmouth poor farm, and he was a pauper.

She was shocked all right enough, but afore she had a chance to ask a question he began to tell her the story of his life. 'Twasn't a fine chance for him to spread himself, and I can't imagine he done it to the skipper's taste.

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the widow and Asaph made 'em as comfortable as they could, rigged 'em up in dry clothes which had belonged to departed paupers and got 'em something to eat. The Lamonts was what they called "enchanted" with the whole establishment.

"This," said the colonel, with his mouth full of brown bread, "is delightful, really delightful. The New England hospitality that we read about, so free from ostentation and conventionality."

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Your husband was a short, kind of fleshy man, wasn't he?

delightful horrors. She was too scared to sleep and frightened to stay awake. She kept two lamps burning all night.

You can see how things went after that. Blueworthy was star boarder at that poorhouse. Mrs. Badger was too much interested in specks and fortunes to think of asking him to work, and if she did hint at such a thing he'd have another trance and see that man, and 'twasn't all. And we poor fools of selectmen was congratulating ourselves that Asaph Blueworthy was doing something toward earning his keep at last. And then—long in July 'twasn't—Betsy Mullen died.

One evening, just after the Fourth, Deborah and Asaph was in the dining room, fiddling out fortunes with a pack of cards when there comes a knock at the door. The widow answered it, and there was an old chap dressed in a blue suit and a stunning pretty girl in what these summer women make believe is a sea going rig. And both of 'em was sopping wet through and as miserable as two leeches in a rain barrel.

It turned out that the man's name was Lamont, with a colonel's pennant and a million dollar mark on the forehead of it, and the girl was his daughter Mabel. They'd been paying \$6 a day each for sea air and clam soup over to the Wittingtonsett House in Harniss, and either the soup or the air had affected the colonel's head till he imagined he could sail a boat all by his own-donty. Well, he'd sailed one across the bay and got becalmed, and then the tide took him among the shoals at the mouth of Wellmouth creek, and there, owing to a mishap of tide, shoals, dark and an overdose of foolishness, the boat had upset and foundered and the Lamonts had waded half a mile or so to shore. Once on dry land they'd headed up the bluff for the only port in sight, which was the poorhouse, although they didn't know it.

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gusny, goo-gooey kind of girls, and she was as struck with the shenanigans as her dad. She said the house itself was a "perfect dear."

And after supper they paired off and got to talking, the colonel with Mrs. Badger and Asaph with Mabel. Now, I can just imagine how Asaph talked to that poor, unsuspecting young female. He surely did love an audience, and here was one that didn't know him or his history or nothing. He played the sad and mysterious. You could see that he was a blighted dud, all right. He was a man with a hidden sorrier, and the way he'd sigh and change the subject when it came to embarrassing questions was enough to bring tears to a graven image, let alone a round-the-girl just out of boarding school.

Then after a spell of this Mabel wanted to be shown the house, so as to see the "sweet, old fashioned rooms." And she wanted papa to see 'em too. So Asaph led the way, like the talking man in the dime museum. And the way them Lamonts agonized over every rag mat and carved bedstead was something past belief. When they was saying good night—they had to stay all night because their own clothes wasn't dry, and those they had on were more picturesque than stylish—Mabel turns to her father and says she:

"Papa, dear," she says, "I believe that at last we've found the very thing we've been looking for."

And the colonel said yes, he guessed they had.

Next morning they was up early and out enjoying the view. It is about the best view along shore, and they had a fit over it. When breakfast was done the Lamonts takes Asaph one side, and the colonel says:

"Mr. Blueworthy," he says, "my daughter and I am very much pleased with the Cape and the Cape people. Some time ago we made up our minds that if we could find the right spot we would build a summer home here. Preferably we wish to purchase a typical, old time colonial homestead and remodel it, retaining, of course, all the original old fashioned flavor. Cost is not so much the consideration as location and the house itself. We are—ahem—well, frankly, your place here suits us exactly."

"We adore it," says Mabel, emphatic.

"Mr. Blueworthy," goes on the colonel, "will you sell us your home?—I am prepared to pay a liberal price."

Poor Asaph was kind of thrown on his beam ends, so's to speak. He hemmed and hawed and finally had to blurt out that he didn't own the place. The Lamonts was astonished. The colonel wanted to know if it belonged to Mrs. Badger.

"Why, no," says Asaph. "The fact is—that is to say—you see—"

And just then the widow opened the kitchen window and called to 'em:

"Colonel Lamont," says she, "there's a sailboat beating up the harbor, and I think the folks on it are looking for you."

The colonel excused himself and run off down the hill toward the back side of the point, and Asaph was left alone with the girl. He see, 'spos, that here was his chance to make the best yarn out of what was bound to come out anyhow in a few minutes. So he fetched a sigh that sounded as if 'twas racking loose the foundations and commenced.

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turned round, and 'twasn't Gott. He'd come in. "I just met Squire Foster," he says, "and the squire tells me that that Lament girl come into his office with the bill of sale for the property you sold her and made him deed it right over to Asaph Blueworthy as a present from her."

"What?" says all hands, Poundberry foremost of all.

"That's right," said Darius. "She told the squire a long rignarole about what a martyr Asaph was and how her dad was going to do something for him, but that she was going to give him his home, back again, with her own money. The squire tried to tell her what a good Asaph was, but she froze him quicker'n—Where you going, Cap'n Benjah?"

"I'm going down to that poorhouse," hollers Poundberry.

We all said we'd go with him, and we went, six in one carryall. As we have in spirit of the poorhouse a buggy drove away from it, going in father direction.

"That looks like the Baptist minister's buggy," says Darius. "What on earth's he been down here for?"

Nobody could guess. As we run alongside the poorhouse door Asaph Blueworthy stepped out, leading Debby Badger. She was as red as an auction bag.

"By time, Asaph Blueworthy," hollers Cap'n Benajah, starting to get out of the carryall, "what do you mean by—Debby, what are you holding that rascal's hand for?"

But Asaph cut 'em short. "Cap'n Poundberry," says he, dignified as a boy with a stiff neck, "I might pass over your remarks to me, but when you address my wife—"

"Your wife?" hollers everybody—everybody but the cap'n. He only sort of gurgled.

"My wife," says Asaph. "When you men—church members, too, some of you—sold the house over her head I'm proud to say that I, having a home once more, was able to step forward and ask her to share it with me. We was married a few minutes ago," he says.

And, oh, Cap'n Poundberry," cried Debby, looking as if this was the most wonderful part of it—"oh, Cap'n Poundberry," she says, "we're known for a long time that some man—an uncommon kind of

